

THE "ANIMAL RACE" AT MRS. SLOANE'S COUNTRY PLACE AT LENOX



MISS AMY BEND, MISS SLOANE, MISS SHEPARD, COUNT SIERSTORPF AND GEORGE VANDERBILT IN THE LEAD.

THE FUNNIEST OF ALL SOCIETY FADS.

The Smart Country Sets Have a Comical Form of Autumn Amusement, and It Is Straight from England.

Society is going to try its hand at an old-time diversion, start its fun going again and stamp it brand new, as only society can do with a fashion, no matter how old it may be. Society in the country this Autumn is going to revive the animal race. There is no fun like it. And if it has the hall mark of fashion what more can you ask?

The sport originated in England, where my Lord So and So, and Her Grace the Duchess, do not consider it beneath their dignity to join in such a frolic. To Mrs. Seward Webb is due the credit of introducing the sport into this country. At "Shelburne Farms," Vermont, there was a house party not long since, which numbered many young and lively buds and beaux. It cannot be said that time ever drags at a Seward Webb house party, but for a moment, a brief moment, one day there was a lull.

"And what shall it be next—riding or driving or tennis or golf?" quoth one.

"Why not an animal race?" came from the hostess; and an animal race it was, into the mysteries of which guests were initiated by Mrs. Webb, who had herself learned all about the sport in England.

This affair was wholly impromptu, and not wholly complete in its details. But society has taken up the fad with much enthusiasm. And at "Shadow Brook," the Phelps-Stokes place at Lenox, an animal race was one of the amusements provided for a recent house party also. The guests at the Sloanes' place, "Elm Court," Lenox, devoted an afternoon to this sport. Miss Amy Bend, Miss Murray, Miss Sloane, Miss Shepard, Count Sierstorpf and George Vanderbilt were among the party. And at Blithmore, too, there are promised some more animal races during the next two months. They are worth competing for, for, as Mrs. G.

show of New York. In lesser degree only does the dog show become not only a remarkable exhibition of canine progress, but it is also one of the ranking social functions for the year.

As to the annual cat show (a London importation), lovers of the beautiful are pained to admit that both financially and socially, it outshines the annual exhibition of chrysanthemums and cut flowers.

Mr. Ollie Belmont maintains a full menagerie at his model farm near Newport. Reference to the Belmont menagerie recalls the once fashionable circus at Nutley and the ever memorable society circus of fashionable Jimmie Waterbury. All this came along with Hagenbeck and African exploration. Should the circus ever be revived as a social function, trained animals will necessarily be a feature, and society will shake its sides at the antics of elvish bears and thrill at the performances of the equestrian tigress.

The sporty set, the Meadow Brook colony, is already counting on one of these animal races for the Thanksgiving holidays. Can you not imagine what "barks" it will be to see pretty Miss Randolph, for instance, racing along for dear life, with a white rabbit in leading strings, or lively Mrs. Kernochan striving for the goal and first prize with a duck trudging after, gayly bedecked and beribboned like herself?

The pig, of course, makes trouble at an animal race, and the heathen probably breaks her string and flies away; but this only helps redouble the peals of laughter from the spectators and those taking part. Indeed, the whole performance is high comedy.

The live stock, grand and decorated for the occasion, are caged at one end of the lawn; the little white and pink pig has been scrubbed and rubbed and brushed until even his twin brother wouldn't recognize him; he has a collar, nickel-plated, or possibly silver, to which are fastened the strong ribbons, gayly colored, by which he is to be led, and a resplendent bow of ribbon is an additional finishing touch in his toilet.

Each of the "contestants" (I. e., animals) has a name, and his neck

mal; and the yellow-bagged man the live stock bedecked with this sunshine hood bow and leading strings.

Of course, this is just where the excitement comes in—this choice of partners, so to speak; for no one wants the little pig, no matter how white he may look or how many yards and yards of expensive ribbon may have gone to the make-up of his costume.

His well-known reputation when in leading strings is a danger to him, for he will want to go every way but the right way. The dog is always the prime favorite, and the rat not much in request, especially by the feminine element of the party. The peacock is a pet, but the peahen will break her ribbon and fly away if she can.

The turkey is apt to strut and feel too proud to run, but the kid is a delight in feet-footed dress. The parrot, like "Mary quite contrary," may refuse to budge, and thus put its partner out of the race, and the squirrel may show such an enterprising spirit that its partner comes in head-long at the goal; the little white rabbit is sure to be a favorite and to reach the winning post in strides that may not be graceful, but are certainly effective.

It is a motley assemblage of beasts, birds and reptiles, and anything may be chosen that is available from a cow to a tame crow.

After the choice of partners, all stand in line until the judge gives the word "Go," then the race is a delicious one. The winning post is distant some two or three hundred yards, either in a straight line or about a circle, two or three laps of which make the required distance.

Of course, if one's companion—notably the turkey—refuses to move, deterred perhaps by scruples that racing is a sin—that pair are out of the race, unless the animal will listen to reason and start in before it is too late to begin all over again.

The innate cussedness with which some of the animal participants choose a totally wrong direction is a marked feature of the "contestants" (I. e., animals) and the

BUTTONS ON HER GOWN.

"Good morning."
"Don't you hate rain?"
"Home's the best place."
"Do you own a bike?"
"Please help me mount."
"Meet me at the bargain counter."
A fragment of a conversation? No—buttons. Merely the mottoes on a choice assortment of buttons, the reigning fad of



the day. And the half, nor the quarter, has not yet been told. The extent of the button craze is remarkable—almost improbable.

You see them everywhere, but perhaps if the fad has struck any one part of the city's population more than another it is the shop girls. They like buttons, and they have no hesitation in showing their preferences. They wear all sorts of buttons in all sorts of places. "It's your treat" is fastened in her hair. If you are fair haired and fair skinned you will be agreeably surprised to see a button saying to you, "I like blondes." "Let's get married" is the best of them all.

The limit of buttons on a dress was reached recently by an East Side shop girl, who managed to faster 500 of them on her gown. They take the place of a woman's best friend—the pin, in every part of the dress they are used. Here is a secret to be whispered. The button girl has buttons to be fastened on her underwear. Sentimental mottoes are thereon inscribed that the cruel world will never know of. Only in the privacy of her boudoir and to her chummiest girl friends are they displayed. The button girls even wear them on their hats. Every place that a button can be fastened, there it will be found. The college boys also have the fad. A Yale football player has his bathrobe decorated with this one—"I'm Sandow's Cousin," and so it goes.

A button for everything and a button for everybody.

The decorative buttons which are used by the dear girls for trimming their gowns are the cheapest. One of the fair devotees to the fad came down town one morning clothed in a rainy-weather costume that for a button collection "beat the band." There were buttons around the hem of her skirt, buttons around the yoke of her waist, buttons on her belt and buttons on her vest. The latter garment of the costume was embellished with two pyramids of them, in variegated colors. On the top of the pyramid was the startling announcement: "A policeman will take me home," and the rest were equally entertaining.

HOW TO LIVE ON 87 CENTS A WEEK

A Boston Minister Solves the Problem of Cheap Living, and Points to Himself as Proof of the Scheme's Success.

There is one man at least for whom the present hard times have no terrors, for he knows how to live on 87½ cents a week. This up-to-date professor of economics is Rev. Miles Grant, of Boston, an active, hard working evangelist, who does not spare himself in his work, and yet, though keeping strictly within the limit of the expenditure named, suffers neither physically nor mentally as a result of his unique system.

While at the first glance it would seem impossible that a full grown healthy being could live well on such a sum per week, an examination of the Rev. Mr. Grant's account of good things will convince one to the contrary. Here is his list of articles, many of which can be easily varied and still keep within the fixed limit.

the same formula as hasty matter what minor changes in his bill of fare, can never allowed to pass the lips. On the prescribed diet, fish, fowl, pie, fee, sugar, spices, or pepper. The Rev. Mr. Grant's notion of proper and healthy food for years, and his heretofore an expert valet he says:

"In relation to the 'her food, I became satisfied ate too much. When I ate the quantity that my first let my appetite decrease occurred to my mind that neither reason nor judgment was not competent. matter. The late Dr. Dutton, gave me a very valuable subject, which was, to quantity before a mouthful weighing and measuring the effect upon my system at the quantity and quality to a healthy system. I followed that my stomach complaint about its work when seeing, cars when or lungs when breathing, the sick headache once I found that fast eating had habit of the American special cause of it been in the habit of eating five or ten minutes. Instead my food with saliva I with tea and coffee. My eat a meal in less than 15 I am usually much longer should be converted into the mouth before I eat. I drink nothing while eating.

"As to the time of eating life. I ate whenever partly for food, which might times a day. I became satisfied habit would lead to the ruin. For thirty-five years I have a meal a day, and nothing but I take breakfast at about 8 o'clock. food except at the

"As I grow older preach every Sunday, and feel

MENU.

1 pound Irish oatmeal.....	.05
2 quart flour at 5c. quart.....	.10
(for unleavened bread.)	
Beans, 2-3 quart.....	.05
Peas, ½ quart.....	.04
Figs, ½ pound.....	.04½
Dates, ½ pound.....	.05
New cheese, ½ pound.....	.10
Raw eggs, 1 dozen.....	.20
Milk, 3 quarts, at 8 cents.....	.24
Total.....	.87½

Great saving may be made in some of the articles, as for instance when he tires of oatmeal porridge, the Rev. Mr. Grant varies it with cakes of Indian meal, a ten pound bag of which costs but ten cents; or two cents a single pound. Grapes may be substituted for figs, and prunes for dates without increasing the total output. For the unleavened bread all that is necessary is flour and water.

Of course there is quite a trick in preparing such simple articles of diet as those on the Boston minister's list in such a way as to make them palatable. This, the reverend gentleman says, may be easily learned, but, better still, one can soon become accustomed to unseasoned food.

Take, for instance, the unleavened bread which Mr. Grant makes his principal article of diet. It is made by the simplest process, the flour and cold water being stirred till the combination is about thick enough for griddle cakes. It is then baked in cast-iron gem pans. This bread is placed at the front of all healthful food, on which the Doctor declares he lives well at a cost of 87½ cents a week.

There are no two things, he says, which will enable one to accomplish so much work, either mental or physical, as will bread and oatmeal porridge, made after